

The Death Dog

“What a day of hiking,” I mumbled to my Dad.

“Not wrong”, he replied as he took a deep breath, “it’s a lovely day though”.

“Can we please stop for a drink and something to eat?”

Dad responded, “We will stop when we get over this steep ridge”.

After climbing the steep jagged rock face, we had reached the top of the ridge. We sat down on the cold rough gravel and ate some of the turkey and ham rolls mum made us early this morning.

After ten minutes of sitting on the cold gravel we decided to look around. As we walked around a massive brown rock, which was the size of our house, we saw a dark gloomy cave. We rushed over to the cave, and stood at the entrance. We could feel a chilly breeze coming from the entrance. My Dad, being his typical self decided we should go in and explore the cave. We took a few steps inside and could hear a dripping sound. DRIP, DRIP, DRIP. The walls of the cave were very damp, and as we walked further into the cave it got narrower and even smaller. I stepped in a puddle of water and said to Dad

“Can we please go back”?

“We will just go a bit further in”. As we stepped through a narrow gap we fell out into a big open space. At this point we had to get our flashlights because we could not see two feet in front of us. We looked at each other and Dad asked if I was ok.

“Yes” I said. We turned another corner, and smelt a revolting smell as if a dead animal had been lying there for months. We heard a very deep growling noise coming from the left of us. We turned to face where the noise came from and shining our flashlights to the corner of the cave, there it was. Standing right in front of us.

It was a dog the size of a horse, with eyes the size of fifty-cent pieces that stared directly at us shining bright red. It’s teeth and claws could rip you apart in one slash. It was the biggest thing I had ever seen and it was coming straight for us. As it took steps the ground shook beneath it.

Its mouth opened to display his teeth. It came closer and closer. There was no point running, but we did anyway. We spun around and were off before you could say boo. Our legs moving faster than we could think. We pushed through the small gap in the cave. Thank goodness, we were out of there. Surely the dog would not be able to get through there. All of a sudden we could feel rumbling, the dog was breaking through and was after us. It leaped like an athlete does over hurdles. Within seconds it was on top of Dad. It was scary not knowing what to do, to run or to go after the massive dog. Before I could decide, Dad had managed to pick up a rock and hit the animal very hard on its head. It fell and landed on top of Dad. I helped Dad get out from underneath the massive weight.

"Run" said Dad, "hurry up, the dog is not dead, I think I just knocked it out".

We ran as quickly as we could towards the cave entrance. The sunlight beamed into our eyes as we emerged from the dark cave. We piled rocks and crammed sticks in front of the cave, to try and stop the dog coming out. Not waiting around to see what would happen, we ran slipping and sliding the whole way down the rock face. We reached the car out of breath and sore from cuts and bruises. Dad had deep claw marks etched all over him and would need to go to hospital to get them checked. We got in the car and quickly took off.

"We need to call the police and tell them about this" said Dad.

Hours later, we were still too scared to stop, so we drove through the day until we arrived home.

"What a day it's been" I said.